in Arizona. Andrew was the son of Thomas Rogers and Aurelia Spencer, our beloved Aurelia who started the primary organization in the L.D.S. Church. Andrew was born in Salt Lake City the 19th of December, 1854. He was called by Brigham Young to help colonize Arizona. He started on February 21, 1876 in a company led by Lot Smith. They worked hard at Sunset on the Little Colorado River to raise crops. The land was dry and the river had to be dammed to irrigate, and quick-sand would ruin the dams. Their settlement was near what is now St. Joseph. They lived the United Order to test, or try out, the system. After two years Loce returned to Utah and married Clara Gleason of Farmington, in 1879. They continued in the United Order until a few were dissatisfied, when the property was divided. Loce and Clara's portion was a nice herd of sheep.

It was while herding sheep for the "Order" that Uncle Loce, as we lovingly called him, found this gold. It was autumn; red and yellow oak leaves covered the ground. Loce kicked them about admiringly, when he thought "funny, leaves looks like gold." He picked one up. It was a gold coin. He filled his pockets, then his sleeve and started after the sheep who were out of sight. Uncle Loce said he had never known fear of any kind in his life, but now it clutched him. He looked everywhere to see who was watching him. He felt guilty for no cause of his own. He had something that didn't belong to him.

Six years before the Casner brothers had sold their cattle for six thousand dollars in twenty dollar gold pieces, and one "cow hand" had stolen the money and while rushing through the timber had lost it off the saddle. They searched for days and finally piled a marker of rocks up to help identify the vicinity. The queer part about it was, the pile of rocks was within ten feet of where Loce found the gold. Loce charged them nothing, so one of the Casner boys threw him a handful of money, which was two hundred dollars, and brother Hube Burk was given sixty dollars because he took the word to the Casner's of the finding of their gold.

—**Mildred Pearce Morgan.**

A MYSTERY UNSOLVED

At the age of fourteen, in company with his uncle, John Ashman, Jr., his mother's only brother, Abraham Freer Carling, Jr., started to freight provisions across the Utah and Nevada deserts. This was in the year 1881. They traveled together, but each operating his own outfit. They freighted throughout the year and met with many strange experiences in the forbidding desert lands between Fillmore and their various destinations in Nevada.

Abe's mother shed bitter tears when he started on his first trip, but his going proved to be a great blessing to the family for whenever he returned home he gave his mother a part of his earnings, which was a great help to the family during the trying years that followed.

It happened while Abe and his uncle John were making one of their usual trips across the Nevada desert, that they were caught in a snow storm. Night came on and they decided to stop and camp in a shack by the road side, which had been abandoned. They released the mules from

upper Provo River

the harness and tied one team to the wagon wheels and turned the others loose.

They pushed open the unlocked door of the shack and found in it an old stove and a piece or two of dilapidated furniture. Taking their roll of bedding they proceeded to make their bed upon the floor. This being accomplished, they tucked themselves snugly in bed for the night as they supposed. They had scarcely got settled when they heard a loud knocking around the walls of the house. They sat up quickly and listened intently, but hearing nothing more settled down in bed again. After a few moments they were aroused again by the same knocking, as of someone running around the house and knocking as he ran. They jumped up quickly and ran to the door, but could see no one, nor could they see any tracks in the snow to indicate that anyone had been around the house. They went back to bed again but were disturbed the third time by the same knocking. At this they were so un-nerved and were seized by such a spirit of unrest that they decided to vacate the place. They quickly dressed, rolled their bedding and started out. At that moment the team, which they had turned loose, came running up to the wagon, sniffing and snorting with excitement, and the one tied to the wagon wheels returned the snorts and stamped with uneasiness. The men lost no time in making ready to leave, and were soon on their way in the blinding snow. They traveled all night, making very little progress. The following day they stopped at a farm house and related to the occupants their experience of the night. They were told that two men had fought in the house a short time before and one man had been killed, and had they looked they could have seen the blood stains on the floor.

—**Mrs. Isabel C. Brunson.**

"GRANDDADDY" OF THEM ALL

George E. Beard, renowned artist and business man of Coalville, Utah, was among the first to explore the Mirror Lake region. He often, with his little wife and small child, rode horseback into the most inaccessible parts of the mountains. In his own words we quote his impression of the Mirror Lake terrain: "In 1878, atop this peak I first gained a panorama of the Uintah Lake region, the huge peaks losing themselves in the eastern distances; the Provo and Weber rivers to the west, flowing respectively through the beautiful Heber and Kamas valleys, which nestle at the foot of the Wasatch mountains. Proud Timpanogos rearing its superior height in the south; near Bear Lake, Fort Bridger and Wind River mountains all lay before my vision."

Several years later while camped with his family near a group of three lakes in the region he was in conversation with a Mr. Lloyd, a U. S. Government Surveyor. Mr. Lloyd inquired of Mr. Beard if the three lakes were the largest in the territory. Mr. Beard replied: "Three or four miles further is the greatest and most spectacular by far, the Granddaddy of them all." The surveyor said, "That is what we shall name it." Thus it went down in history as the Granddaddy Lake.

Also the surveyor asked Mr. Beard which of the mountain peaks was the highest, and pointing to one of two which looked abut the same,

Heart Throbs of the West Vol 10

stated which he thought was the higher. Mr. Lloyd said, "We shall name this mountain after your wife, who has explored it with you." So it was christened Mt. Lovenia. Sometime later when the surveying had been completed the measuring of the peaks disclosed the fact that Mt. Lovenia, 14,750 feet high, was but thirty feet less in height than the other peak which was named King's peak. Also Mr. Lloyd named one lake "George" honoring Mr. Beard.

A son of Mr. Beard, who is living in Coalville in the old home, is displaying in a beautiful studio, scores of the paintings of his father's, from numerous natural settings throughout the interemountain west. It is always open to the public. His wokr is recognized by artists from every part of the world. —Anna G. Paskett.

Heart Throbs of the West Vol 10

AUNT CAROLINE

The Willow Creek country was the first to be settled in this part of the Snake River Valley. George Heath and Orville Buck filed on land there in 1865. Next to come was John R. Heath, in 1875, and he is said to have been issued the first water right.

Shelton's first celebration was a Fourth of July party held at the home of John R. and Caroline Heath, in 1880. Orville Buck hired Miss Beam to conduct the first school in one room of the Buck home for his children and those of George F. and John R. Heath.

The Heaths were noted for their hospitality. We children loved to have Aunt Caroline visit in our home. Well I remember how we loved to watch her smoke her corncob pipe and spit, why, she could spit almost across the room and never miss the mark. Yes, Aunt Carline was just awful shaky; I can see her now sitting at the table and holding her cup to be filled again with hot coffee. We all held our breath for fear she would scald herself and others, too, the way the cup of hot coffee danced on the saucer. However, I can't recall that she ever spilled a drop. Her eyes were big and black and just danced with humor. Although she was a little inclined to be gruff she had a wonderful personality.

Just recently I was told about the following conversation of Aunt Caroline's. It seems that some relative or friend was talking about what a wonderful son she had, going on and on at great length eulogizing him. Aunt Caroline listened very attentively until she had finished and then answered her in one sentence, "Oh, hell is full of boys better than him."

My sister Mabel tells the story of being loaned to Aunt Caroline one summer to help pick currants and gooseberries. She said the 24th of July came along while she was there and she was to work all day picking gooseberries. She up and told Aunt Caroline that it was a holiday and that she was not going to work that day. Well, Aunt Caroline, thinking to scare her into it, told her if she wouldn't pick gooseberries she should pack her duds and go home. They lived about 18 miles from town, but Mabel obeyed at once; she went in the house and packed her belongings in a flour sack and started down the road. When she got to the main road she saw a man driving along on a load of wheat and she hailed him. To her surprise he stopped, let her climb up on the load, and

took her on into town. The story doesn't end here. The next day our old Uncle Johnnie had to come all the way to town to see if she had gotten home safely, and the funny part was the folks made her go back with Uncle Johnnie and finish picking the gooseberries.

Aunt Caroline didn't live very long. What with the hard frontier life, the rearing of eight children, smoking the old corncob pipe and drinking tea and coffee as she did, the dear soul only lived to be 94 years old. —**Elizabeth Heath Elge.**

MY GRANDMOTHER, ELIZABETH WATTS FIFE

My grandmother told me the following story: "When I was a young mother, just moved up to Cache Valley, in 1860 settled in Providence (as a child I was blessed by the Prophet Joseph), I was given some very special gifts as were many of the Saints at that time. One morning as I was trying to do my work I heard the whispering of the still small voice 'Go up to Emeline's.' Go up to Emeline's, I thought, why should I be prompted to go up there, and I kept on with my work. The same voice spoke three times urging me to 'Go up to Emeline's,' each time louder and louder. Finally I dropped everything and went up to Emeline's. She was a young mother. When I got there Emeline was crying. I asked whatever was the matter, what was wrong, and she told me Lem (her husband) had gone to borrow a gun to shoot their only milk cow because it had fallen and broken its leg. Without a cow she didn't see how she could find enough food to sustain the lives of her small family. 'Come, show me the cow,' grandmother said, so she took me to the cow. I told her to stop crying that I would fix it and asked her to help find some boards so I could put some splints on the cow's leg and bind it up tight, and that the cow would be all right.

"And do you know, Lid, the cow's leg did get all right and it didn't need to be shot. I was so grateful, together with Emeline's family that I had heeded the whispering of the still small voice."

Grandmother loved to come and stay with me. She had beautiful white hair and I used to crimp it and comb it up in a most becoming style. As we washed the dishes she would tell me wonderful stories. One time we had pans and pots all over the table and some on the stove, and she said, "Lid, when I was a young mother like you I only had one pot to do all the cooking in and I believe I was better off than you, with all these pots and pans to wash."

Grandmother told me of how her mother, Eliabeth Heath Watts, could talk fire out of people that were burned. She told of one mother running to her with her child who had fallen into the fireplace. She asked mother to talk the fire out of the child, which of course she did.

Grandmother could charm warts off the hands. She told me of her cousin, George Marlor, who did not believe she could do it. He came to her one day with both hands covered with warts, and told her that if she could charm his warts off he would buy her a new dress. Grandmother said she didn't want anything for doing it, but within a short time George came back and said "Come on, Liz, I want to take you to the store and buy you that new dress."—**Elizabeth Heath Elge.**